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THREE DEEP;

OR,

ALL ON THE WING.

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

Cobent Garden Theatre.

BY JOSEPH LUNN, ESQ.

Author of 'Roses and Thorns,' 'Fish out of Water,' 'Family Jars,' 'Lofty Projects,' &c.

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1826.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Tantalus Twist, <i>a Bachelor</i> <i>of about 45,</i>	Mr. Jones.
Capt. Courton, <i>an officer in the army,</i>	Baker.
Mr. Freeman, <i>his friend,</i>	Horrebow.
Monsieur Le Sayon, <i>an opulent per-</i> <i>fumer,</i>	Farley.
Dick Hurry, <i>his nephew,</i>	Keeley.
William, <i>head Waiter at the hotel,</i>	Henry.
Thomas, <i>second Waiter,</i>	Mears.
A Postilion,	Heath.
Widow Ogleman, <i>a Gentlewo-</i> <i>man from London,</i>	Mrs. Daly.
Matilda, <i>her daughter,</i>	Miss Goward.
Mrs. O'Flounce, <i>a Milliner,</i>	Jones.
Fanny Tucker, <i>her Niece,</i>	Love.
Mrs. Bartick, <i>Landlady of hotel,</i>	Mrs. Davenport

SCENE—AN HOTEL AT BRIGHTON.

Time—equal with the performance.

THREE DEEP :

OR,

ALL ON THE WING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Coffee-room. A door on each side.

Enter. CAPTAIN COURTON and MR. FREEMAN.

Courton. I repeat to you, my dear Freeman, no importunity will induce me to alter my determination. I'll not remain in Brighton another day.

Freeman. Pshaw ! Let me only back my remonstrance with a glass of champagne, and I'll not yet despair of success. [*Calls.*] Waiter !

Enter William.

Prepare a private room, and let us have a handsome dinner for two as quickly as possible.

William. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

Courton. To that I agree with all my heart. I'll join you in a hasty meal and pledge you in a generous bumper, by way of farewell ; but the moment my post-chaise arrives, which I have ordered to be here within an hour, I'm off to town, in spite of all the solicitations of *your* tongue and *my own* heart.

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Freeman. Nay, if you're so resolute as that, must e'en submit : but, before I lose sight of you, tell me what act of infidelity your ex-paragon of constancy has been guilty of.

Courton. I will. Humiliating as the avowal may be deemed, you shall know all. Can you believe, my dear friend, that, although both herself and her mother seemed to favour my advances, they have, for some time, secretly encouraged the addresses of another ?

Freeman. Of course I can. The caprice of a lady, however extravagant, has surely nothing very marvellous in it : but what astonishes me is, that you have not called your rival to account. Do you know who he is ?

Courton. No ; nor does any one else I believe. If reports speak true, he's a mere adventurer : a sort of vampire who preys upon all he meets. On my return from Worthing, where I had been on a visit for a fortnight, the first news I heard was that this fellow, having introduced himself to them at a public library, had become a constant visitor during my absence, and so completely supplanted me in the affections of Matilda, that preparations were actually making for their immediate marriage.

Freeman. And how did you proceed ?

Courton. Finding that he was dining there the very evening of my arrival, I waylaid him at the door of their lodgings and engaged him at an altercation, the result of which compelled me to acknowledge him, at least in one respect my superior.

Freeman. What might that be ?

Courton. Agility ; for, when I insisted upon

immediate satisfaction, curse me if he did not take to his heels, and never look back till he had fairly distanced me.

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha! And you have not visited the ladies since. Why, my dear fellow, it may possibly be all a mistake.

Courton. No, no, Freeman; whatever doubt might exist at first, 'tis all dissipated now; for, three days ago, the simple servant girl, who used sometimes to bring me letters from Matilda, actually put into my hand this note, [*showing a note,*] addressed to her new inamorato—*Mr. Tantalus Twist*; who, if I may judge from the tender reproaches it contains, has not visited her since our encounter.

Enter William.

William. Your room's prepared, gentlemen, and dinner will be ready in about half an hour.

Freeman. Very well. Come Courton.

Courton. With all my heart. Let me only stumble upon that infernal poltroon once more; and, if he can manage to *twist* himself out of my clutches again, I'll forgive him. [*Exeunt...*]

Enter TANTALUS TWIST, looking round.

[*He is dressed in black, with his coat buttoned closely up to his throat, concealing a white waistcoat.*]

Twist. Eh! Egad, this is something like a tavern. If this don't furnish something good, the deuce is in it. Ha, ha, ha! Here I am, fairly returned to my old habits; and devilish queer habits they are: for my hunger for dainties, and thirst for adventures, keep me in a state of perpetual excitement. I have no engagement for to day; and, if I can't procure

an invitation of some sort, I must e'en dine at my own expense, and that's what I don't like. Not but I can afford it well enough. With an independent income of two hundred a-year, I need never be in want of a meal; but, I don't know how the devil it is, whenever I have to pay for my dinner, curse me if I can half enjoy it. It must be constitutional. Some morbid antipathy between the stomach and the breeches pocket—that they don't like to be beholden to each other. *He stretches his fingers, and puts his hands into his breeches pockets.*

Enter William.

William. Do you wish to dine, sir?

Twist. No, not yet! unless my friend Sir Charles, is arrived.

William. Who, Sir?

Twist. Sir Charles Asset—the banker—you know him, don't you?

William. No, Sir.

Twist. Oh, never mind—you may go, and I'll ring for you when he comes.

William. Very well, sir. *William hands a newspaper and the bill of fare to Twist, and exit.*

Twist. When he comes! Ha, ha, ha! That name has procured me many a good chance. Whenever a waiter becomes importunate, I slap my friend Sir Charles in his teeth, and so gain time until some acquaintance comes in, who asks me to partake of his chop and bottle. [*He sits at the table, takes up the newspaper, and runs his eye over it.*] Oh, Lord! 'Tis useless my attempting to read this whilst that interesting memorandum, the bill of fare, is

staring me in the face. [*Pointing to the bill of fare.*] My appetite is too keen for domestic discussion to relish foreign intelligence.—Every flourish about the silver mines of Columbia would vanish before a dish of silver eels à la Wiggy; and the triumph of an Ottoman defeat in Greece, would yield in importance to a larded turkey in chains. (*rises*) Oh! Widow Ogleman, Widow Ogleman! nothing can erase the impression made upon my heart by the charms of your—table!—If it had not been for that cursed blustering captain, who compelled me to cut *her* instead of her mutton, I might, at this moment, be tasting the sweets of her conversation and cookery!—The young fellow thought I visited there on account of the daughter.—Ha, ha, ha! He little knew the object of my adoration; though, by the way, I think I did, one evening in the fulness of my heart, —stomach I mean—say something about love and marriage to the mother

Enter William, speaking at the wing.

William. Thomas! step in and give assistance at the tap: the hearse and coaches for General Rampart's funeral are stopping to refresh. (*He crosses and exits.*)

Twist. A what? A funeral and I in want of an adventure! S'death (as they have it on the stage) let it not be said. What a grand advantage it is to be constantly provided for all exigencies. (*He takes a black silk hat band and gloves from his pocket, and puts them on; then listens, unnoticed, to the following.*)

Enter William and Thomas crossing the stage.

William. Come, Thomas; bustle about: we

shall have a busy day. Here's a messenger from the French ambassador expected, who dines here before he goes across; and we're to have Madame Orielli from the Opera house, who is coming to sing for three nights at our Theatre. And d'ye hear? See that all's ready for the wedding party in No. 7; they're now alighting at the side door.

Thomas. Yes, yes: I'll take care nothing shall be wanting.

[Exeunt opposite sides.]

Twist. Oh, oh! a wedding; an ambassador's messenger and Madame Orielli! Egad this promises better entertainment than the funeral; so I'll stay where I am. By the by, I heard a devilish odd report the other day about this said vocalist. Captain Gallogher swears that, although she passes herself for an Italian, and calls herself Madame Orielli, he knows, to a certainty, she is an Irishwoman, and her real name is Judy O'Riley. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder whether there's any truth in it. However that's her affair, and I must attend to mine: and as I don't happen, just at this moment, to have any other game in view, I'll e'en patronise the nuptials. Egad a chance is never thrown away upon me, for I always take care to be prepared either for "death or the lady." If I meet with a funeral, I assume my sable appendages and mingle in as an old friend of the deceased—an attention which is generally repaid with an invitation from some branch of the family. And when fortune throws a wedding in my way, I equip myself in the symbols of Hymen, and trust to my address for procuring a welcome. *(He takes of the hat—*

ALL ON THE WING.

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band and gloves, and puts them into his pocket : then takes his coat off, turns it and puts it on again, (it being then a blue coat with gilt buttons.) takes from his other pocket a pair of white gloves and a white favour ; puts the gloves on, and pins the favour on his coat.) 'Tis true it don't alway's answer ; however, to a social fellow like myself, who can't endure to dine alone, 'tis always worth the experiment ; so, egad, here goes to try my luck. [exit Twist.

Enter Fanny Tucker, in male attire.

Fanny. [Sola] Oh dear, Oh dear, Oh dear ! What strange expedients that little tyrannical urchin Love does drive us to. Who would have dreamt now of my possessing the courage to elope from my aunt in this inexpressible garb ? Well, it only proves the truth of the old proverb,

“Where there's a will, there's a way ;”
for, only let two young people firmly resolve to be united, and the more restraint they experience, the more likely they are to effect their purpose.

Song.—Fanny.

When two lovers affections
Have made their elections,
And parents or guardians their will would
controul ;

Let them flatter and feign
Each other to gain,
And firmly resist if they cannot cajole :
Suitor and fair,
Banish despair !

Take courage and fortune will list to your
prayer.

Or should force still restrain them,
And sever'd detain them,

The subtle god Cupid a remedy brings ;

And, to all his true minions,

In turn lends his pinions ;

To gain, from bland Hymen, a balm for his stings.

Suitors and fair, &c. &c.

But where can my headstrong swain be loitering so long. He would insist upon remaining to settle with his postillion in spite of my remonstrances. I'm sure it was more by good luck than good management that we have proceeded thus far without detection, for his new costume sits so awkwardly upon him, that, every time he spoke or moved, I was in dread of discovery.

Enter Dick Hurry (in female attire) carrying a small portmanteau, and followed by a postillion.

Postillion. Well, but ma'am ; only think of the rate I drove you at. I hope you'll give me summut more than this.

Dick. (Bluffly) More ! why you infernal—

Fanny. (to Dick) Fanny, Fanny how can you behave so ? I declare your boisterous and masculine manners make me blush for you. *(To the Postillion)* Here my fine fellow. *(She gives him money.)*

Postillion. Thank you sir. *(aside.)* I'll be hanged if I dont smell a rat. *(He eyes them archly and exit.)*

Dick. My dear Fanny, if I could act *my* part as you do *yours*, we should have nothing to fear ; but that's quite hopeless. *(He calls loudly.)* Hollo ! waiter !

Fanny. Hush ! If you speak so loud we

shall certainly be discovered. (*She snatches the portmanteau from him.*)

Enter William.

William. Did you call, sir!

Dick. Yes. Send your Mistress to me.

William. Yes Ma'am. (*Exit William.*)

Dick. Oh, curse the petticoats! They were all very well in the chaise; but, when one comes to jostle in the crowd—

Enter Mrs Bartick.

Oh! you're the mistress of the Hotel.

Mrs. Bartick. At your service. Ma'am.

Dick. Then I'll thank you to let us have two sleeping rooms.

Mrs. Bartick. (*To Fanny*) Do you intend to remain long, sir?

Fanny. (*Bluffly*) That depends on circumstances.

Mrs. Bartick. (*To Dick.*) Are you from town, Madam?

Fanny. Not madam and miss if you please.

Mrs. Bartick. (*Eying Dick suspiciously.*) I beg your pardon—miss (*aside*) They're rather an odd pair of travellers!

Dick. (*apart to Fanny*) My dear Fanny, I've a great mind to intrust her with our secret. She seems a good creature, and I'm sure she suspects us.

Fanny. Hush! Not a word!

Dick. Oh, I'm quite certain it's useless to attempt concealment. (*To Mrs. Bartick*) Madam, dare I calculate upon your possessing a benevolent heart?

Mrs. Bartick. I hope so—miss—but why that question?

Dick. The plain fact is, madam, that you see before you two lovers in disguise, and that I'm no more a woman than my little Fanny here is a man.

Mrs. Bartick. And the plain fact is, sir, that it is no more than I suspected.

Dick. Then tell me, madam : will you afford us an asylum until we can make the requisite arrangements for our marriage ?

Mrs. Bartick. Nay, sir ; that's a favour more readily asked than granted. Think how I should risk the reputation of my house.

Fanny. Not at all. Only lodge us as casual passengers, and, come what may, let no one know that you are in our confidence.

Mrs. Bartick. [*Aside*] I've a great mind to humour them. 'Tis quite possible their friends may arrive in pursuit, and then I may take the credit of serving both parties. [*To Fanny.*] Well if you will only give your word that—

Re-enter TANTALUS TWIST.

Fanny. Hush ! Here comes a stranger ! For heaven's sake don't betray us.

Twist. [*Aside, testily pulling the favour from his coat.*] Curse their unsociable bodies ! One would think they were met for a conspiracy instead of a wedding dinner ! I might as well have attempted to make my way into a freemason's lodge. [*He turns and perceives Mrs. Bartick, &c.*] Oh ! the landlady. [*To Mrs. Bartick.*] How d'ye do Mrs. Thingomie ? [*Drawing her aside.*] I beg your pardon. Who are those young people ?

Mrs. Bartick. They are travellers, sir, just arrived.

Twist. Don't you know who they are?

Mrs. Bar. No sir.

Twist. I see you're curious to find out. I'll pump them for you. [He approaches Dick.] Fine weather for travelling, miss.

Dick. [Modestly.] Yes, sir.

Twist. Returning from school for the vacation?

Dick. [As before.] No, sir.

Twist. I beg pardon; but, when one sees a female of your age travelling alone—

Fanny. She's not alone, sir. She's with me.

Twist. Humph! I was merely observing that, when one finds an interesting young lady in a hotel, unaccompanied by some person whose experience—

Fanny [Tartly.] I repeat, sir, that she's under my protection.

Twist. Well, sir, there's no occasion to be angry. I hope you're not jealous.

Fanny. Jealous! Ha, ha, ha! Jealous of you! No, no, sir, not I, indeed. Besides there can be no occasion for jealousy between relations. We are cousins, sir.

Twist. [Apart to Mrs. Bartick.] Cousins! rather an equivocal relationship, eh?

Mrs. Bar. [Feigning surprise.] Not at all, sir. Why should you think so?

Twist. Hush! In ten minutes you shall know their whole history. I'll worm it out of the lady. [To Dick.] You are going to cross the channel, Miss, I presume.

Dick. [Impressively.] You do presume, sir, exceedingly; for whence we came, or whither we are going, cannot, I conceive, be any business of yours.

Twist. Oh, certainly not. I only asked for the sake of being sociable. (Aside.) Well, for a modest young lady who travels under the protection of her cousin, curse me if that wasn't as dead a clencher as any private gentleman need wish to meet with! (He turns up the stage.)

Fanny. Now, madam, if you will have the goodness to show us our apartments—

Mrs. Bar. Yes, ma—sir. For the present you will be so kind as to occupy this room, [showing the right hand door,] and the lady the one opposite. [Aside to them.] And if you wish to pass for man and wife, you need not fear it will be doubted from your being separately lodged. [Exeunt *Dick* and *Fanny* by the doors assigned them, and *Mrs. Bartick* at the wing.]

Twist. [Solus.] Now, who the deuce can those young people be? That the lad should refuse to be communicative is not at all wonderful; but, that the girl could not be beguiled into a gossip, is quite out of nature. Let me see. He is in the right hand room, and she in the left. They cannot move without my seeing them; and, now that they've roused my curiosity, I'm resolved not to leave this house till I know more about them. [He sits and takes up the newspaper.]

Enter MONSIEUR LE SAVON.

Monsieur. Ugh! diable, diable! Vat I shall do?

Twist. [Turning and eyeing him.] Ha! another stranger!

Monsieur. Ah! peste soit au cheval! If de maudit horse could ron more fast, I should not be behind him before.

Twist. [Aside.] a Frenchman! Egad I should not wonder if this is the ambassador's messenger!

Monsieur. Mais a present vere I shall go? Vere I shall cherche I ave demand, sur le chemin, to all house public: every body ave not see him. Mais but I shall find him if I ron all over de world.

Twist. [Aside.] Run all over the world! Oh! 'tis the messenger safe enough.

Monsieur. De malheur is dat I not can tell vish vay he go. Sacre! if I could cut myself in two piece, dey should go von moitie to Londres and de oder to Dieppe.

Twist. [Approaching him and offering his snuff-box.] Your most obedient, sir. Will you do me the honour?

Monsieur. [Taking snuff hastily] Mercie,

Monsieur! [To himself.] Oh, if I ave arrive von demi-heure more soon!

Twist. [Aside.] Ah, I see how it is: he's lost his passage. [To Monsieur.] Excuse my freedom, sir; but, if any thing should have occurred to detain you in Brighton, I can recommend this house as one of the best in the town. Here's a bill of fare that would do no discredit to the London Tavern: [Hands the bill of fare.]

Monsieur. Non, monsieur; I am so enrage dat I ave not de appetit to eat or to drink.

Twist. I thought you seemed agitated, sir. No bad news, I hope.

Monsieur. Ah oui, monsieur; it is de ver bad nouvelles for me. Un maudit coquin de garçon ave ron away, and I not can find him every vere.

Twist. Oh, I understand. You are sent in quest of some suspected person.

Monsieur. Ma foi, Monsieur, it is more as suspect it is certain.

Twist. And, if you discover him, are you authorized to take him up?

Monsieur. Ugh, ventre bleu que oui! If I shall find him I shall take him up and knock him down aussi.

Twist. Then sir, allow me to offer you my services. I know every hole and corner in the town; and, if he's in it, we'll ferret him out to a certainty.

Monsieur. Ah, Monsieur, cent mille graces! You are ver obligeant. If you shall find him I shall tank you all my life.

[He shakes hands with Twist.]

Twist. [Aside.] Egad for an ambassador's messenger he's very sociable. I'll sound him. Perhaps I may screw some state secrets out of him. [To Monsieur.] I should think, sir, yours must be a very interesting occupation.

Monsieur. Certainment, monsieur. Je fais mon possible, I make all de interesse vat I can.

Twist. [Aside.] Come, that's an honest confession, however. [To Monsieur.] And lucrative too, no doubt,

Monsieur. Comment, Monsieur ?

Twist. I say, I suppose you get handsomely paid for your labour.

Monsieur. Ah ha, oui ; c'est bien naturel. I ave almost make ma fortune, and dat should be impossible if I did not sell more dear as I buy.

Twist. (Aside.) Buy and sell ! Oh, damn it, there's no necessity to be very squeamish with him I find. (To Monsieur.) What you make a trade of your information do you ? you deal in politics.

Monsieur. Comment de politique ? Non, Monsieur, I deal in de cosmetique.

Twist. In cosmetics ? (Aside.) Here's a pretty fellow ! make a cover of his official privilege to smuggle over contraband goods ! (To Monsieur.) I beg pardon, sir ; but, knowing you to be in the diplomatic line—

Monsieur. Quel diplomatique ? Je sais, I am in de aromatique line. My name is Pierre Le Savon, and I am von parfumeur.

Twist. A what ? A perfumer !

Monsieur. A votre service, monsieur. *Bowing.*

Twist. Zounds and the devil, I smell him now. So I've been employing all my address to suck politics out of a powder puff !

Monsieur. Oui, Monsieur. I ave de grande bontique, de large shop a Worthing, and de young man vat I cherche is my neveu.

Twist. (Aside.) So, so ! This is a new scent. (To Monsieur.) You are an inhabitant of Worthing, and you are in search of a runaway nephew.

Monsieur. Oh oui, yes, c'est justement ca. He vant to be marry. Moi I tell him he mus wait von more year ; alors I should give him my boutique and all my commerce.

Twist. And he would not submit to the delay ?

Monsieur. No : he refuse—I persist—autant que ce matin, dis ver morning, he steal de girl from de house of her aunt ; jomp into de chaise de poste, and make de scamper vidout stop for tell me adieu.

Twist. And could not you learn which way they went ?

Monsieur. Oh oui, yes. I find out dat dey take de route of Brighton. Alors je monte, I mount my horse, tout de suite, and I follow vid all de gallop he can make : mais but I not could catch dem, and I ver mosh fear dat dey ave take de bateau a vapeur —de, vat you call ? de boat of de hot vater and swim over to France.

Twist. [*aside.*] Egad a thought strikes me ! [*He points significantly to the two doors, then turns to Monsieur.*] Excuse my freedom, sir. Pray what age may your nephew be ?

Monsieur. Ma foi, he is not de enfant. He is environ twenty von.

Twist. About what height ?

Monsieur. En verite he is not large and not leetel.

Twist. Rather a genteel figure.

Monsieur. Oh yes. On dit, dey say dat he resemble me ver mosh.

Twist. [*aside.*] As like as a horse to a hobnail. [*To Monsieur.*] And the young woman : do you know any thing of *her* ?

Monsieur. Ma foie she is de jolie brin de fille ; de ver fine girl.

Twist. Pert in her prattle, and plump in her person ?

Monsieur. Juste.

Twist. Rather masculine in her manner and voice ?

Monsieur. Probable.

Twist. [*aside.*] Oh, they're the people as safe as the bank. [*To Monsieur.*] My dear sir, give me your hand. [*They shake hands.*] You may desist from further pursuit. I can give you all the information you require.

Monsieur. Ah, monsieur, j'en suis ravi ! I am overjoy !

Twist. Say no more about it. I know where they are at this moment.

Monsieur. Ah, mon cher ami ! if you shall tell me—

Twist. Is your horse at the door ?

Monsieur. Oui, monsieur.

Twist. Then away with you, and send him to the stable. Order yourself some dinner ; and, before it can be got ready, I'll bring your scape-grace nephew to your feet.

Monsieur. En verite ?

Twist. On the word of a man of honour.

Monsieur. Ah, Monsieur, I can never repay your bonte and your politesse ! If you should do me de honneur to dine vid me.

Twist. My dear sir, I've twenty engagements ; but, on so joyful an occasion, I cannot resist your kind invitation.

Monsieur. Oh, que j'en suis content ! [*He takes up the bill of fare, and puts it into Twist's hand.*] Voila mon ami. order for dinner every ting you please, and I shall return in five minuet.

[*Exit Monsieur.*]

Twist. [*Solus.*] Order every thing I please ! Egad, I'll do that my old gentleman in a very summary way. It is not often I get such a sweeping commission ; so curse me if I don't make the most of it. [*He calls.*] Waiter !

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Is the gentleman come, sir ?

Twist. The gen—[*aside.*] Egad, I forgot my friend Sir Charles. [*to William.*] No, he has sent a friend in his stead ; that gentleman who has just stept out. Now mind ! he's a person of considerable consequence : he has deputed me to order dinner, and I wish to inspire him with a favourable opinion of the house ; so prepare a private room ; rummage up all the dainties you've got in your kitchen and larder, and let us have *too much of every thing, for four*, as quickly as possible.

William. Yes sir. [*aside.*] Zounds, but this is something like a customer ! [*Exit William.*]

Twist. [*Solus, looking towards Fanny's room.*] Ha, ha, ha ! My young friend, you think you're very snug ; but, egad, we'll unkennel you before

you're many minutes older. [*He takes up the newspaper.*]

Enter Mrs. O'FLOUNCE.

Mrs. O'F. [*Speaking at the wing.*] Oh, then madam, ye'll do me the greatest favour in life, if ye'll sarch all over the house.

Twist. [*aside.*] Ha! another female traveller? Alone too! Oh! this must be the opera-singer, Madame Orielli.

Mrs. O'F. [*Taking a seat without perceiving Twist.*] Oh! hone, every bone of me aches, for all the world as if I had the rheumatics.

Twist. [*aside.*] Egad, the story was true enough. She has as rich a Tipperary brogue as ever graced the sod.

Mrs. O'F. And, may be, after rattling all this way, till I'm almost jolted to a jelly, sorrow to the forwarder I'll be.

Twist. [*aside.*] Come, that's not paying a very high compliment to the taste of the Brightonians, however.

Mrs. O'F. If I get no tidings from the lady, where will I go nixt?

Twist. [*Approaching her.*] I beg pardon, madam; but you seem to be at a loss for something.

Mrs. O'F. Pon my honour then, sir, you may say that.

Twist. Excuse the liberty, ma'am; may I ask what it is?

Mrs. O'F. Troth you may sir, for it's no secret. It's a wicked ondutiful girl, sir, that's after running away from me, just when I was doing my best to bring her up to an honest calling.

Twist. A pupil of yours, madam, I presume.

Mrs. O'F. 'Deed she was *that*, sir; and not only a pupil, but an apprintice. Oh, if she would but have listened to *my voice*!

Twist. Ay, madam, with study and attention, I have no doubt but it would have made her fortune. I assure you, madam, that the fame of your exqui-

site organ and superior execution has long been familiar to us, and that your presence in this town is expected to create a most extraordinary sensation.

Mrs. O'F. [Surprised.] My presence is it ?

Twist. And I pledge my word, madam, that I look forward with the most intense anxiety to the moment, when I shall be blest with the rich enjoyment of some of your notes.

Mrs. O'F. My notes ! [aside.] This will be the landlord I'm thinking. [To Twist.] Faith, sir, I don't think I'll be staying long enough for you to get many of my notes.

Twist. Such, madam, may be your present impression ; but when you shall have passed a couple of nights amongst, and witnessed the rapturous reception which I have no doubt you will experience.

Mrs. O'F. A couple of nights !

Twist. When the public shall have paid the just tribute of admiration to those enchanting trills, for which you are so universally celebrated.

Mrs. O'F. Trills ! Sure you must be maning frills, for I flatter myself I can make them as well as any of my neighbours—no disparagement to the best of 'em.

Twist. Make them ? Make what ?

Mrs. O'F. Why frills, jewel—and caps—and bonnets—and dresses, either plain or ornamental.

Twist. Then madam—if you'll excuse the liberty—may I beg to know who you are ?

Mrs. O'F. Oh, for the matter of that honey, you're as welcome as the flowers in May. I'm neither ashamed of myself nor my business. My name's Kather'n O'Flounce, milliner and dress-maker ; and not a better within twenty miles o' this, though I say it that shouldn't. [She retires up the stage.]

Twist. [Raising his hands and eyes.] Mrs. O'Flounce ! manufacturer of laced lappets, and fancy furbelows ! Here's a pretty waste of compliments. Well, if ever I judge from first appear-

ces again, I wish I may—never get another invitation to dinner.

Enter Mrs. BARTICK.

Mrs. Bartick. [Aside.] Poor young creatures! If I can but conceal them a little longer, I may succeed in appeasing the good lady's anger. [To Mrs. O'Flounce.] Madam, I've inquired of every one in the house, but no one has seen the person you describe.

Mrs. O'F. (Throwing herself on a chair.) Oh, then she's ruin'd and undone!

Mrs. Bar. Nay, madam, don't despair. Probably she is still safe, both in person and honour.

Twist. Very true ma'am. (To Mrs. O'Flounce.) Perhaps you treated her with severity?

Mrs. O'F. (Whimpering.) Severity! And is it myself—that was both father and mother to her—and showed her as much tenderness as if she'd been my own flesh and blood; although, I've neither kiss nor kin with her, bating that she's my niece.

Mrs. Bar. What madam, is she your niece?

Mrs. O'F. 'Deed then she is ma'am, daughter of my own sister that's dead and gone, and left her an orphan on her own hands.

Twist. And so you took her home and taught her your art and mystery.

Mrs. O'F. I did that same, sir; and sorrow to the cuter little milliner you'll see in five hundred, thanks, to my own affection that made her sit at my own elbow from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, six days in the week, and sometimes a bit of the seventh.

Twist. [Sarcastically.] And she was base enough to desert such maternal fondness.

Mrs. O'F. Oh, sir, it shows you the wickedness of the world. She's an ongrateful hussy; and, if I don't get the satisfaction of breaking her bones, I'll break my own heart.

Twist. Generous soul!

Mrs. O'F. [To Mrs. Bartick.] So, ma'am, you

can't recollect the seeing any such person the whole day.

Mrs. Bar. Why really, madam, our house is so throng'd from morning to night, that I cannot possibly remember every passenger.

Mrs. O'F. And are you quite sure there's no female in it at this present time that comes from Worthing?

Twist. [Suddenly aside.] Worthing! [To Mrs. O'Flounce.] I beg pardon ma'am—didn't you say something about Worthing?

Mrs. O'F. Faith I did, sir. It's there I live, and it's from there that my niece ran away.

Twist. [Aside.] By all that's whimsical I shouldn't wonder if—[To Mrs. O'Flounce.] Why, ma'am, there's a young woman from Worthing here at this moment.

Mrs. O'F. Is it here?

Twist. In this very house.

Mrs. Bar. [Aside.] Oh, curse his tongue! he'll ruin my whole plan!

Mrs. O'F. Are you quite certain, sir?

Mrs. Bartick. [Pulling his coat hush.] Hush!

Twist. [To Mrs. O'Flounce.] As sure as you stand there.

Mrs. Bar. [Aside to Twist.] Sir, sir! I beg you won't interfere in this affair.

Twist. [To Mrs. O'Flounce without noticing Mrs. Bartick.] Tell me one thing: isn't she short and plump?

Mrs. O'F. No, tallish and slender.

Twist. Ay, that is middling. With small black eyes.

Mrs. O'F. Not at all, they're large and blue.

Twist. Exactly,—a sort of blackish blue.—O, I know the whole secret,

Mrs. Bar. Come, madam; you'd better not remain in the public coffee room. Let me lead you to a private apartment. You perceive the gentleman does not know what he's talking about.

Twist. [Aside to Mrs. O'Flounce.] Return here

in five minutes, and I'll put your niece into your arms.

Mrs. Bar. Come, madam. [She takes Mrs. O'Flounce's arm, and hurries her off.]

Twist. [Solus.] Ha, ha, ha! What an unaccountable coincidence! here's another addition to our dinner party, and I shall have the gratification of being instrumental in uniting the amiable families of the Le Savons and the O'Flounces! [Calls] Waiter.

Enter WILLIAM.

Make the dinner for five instead of four.

William. Yes, sir. [Going.]

Twist. And d'ye hear?—Get up some of your very best Madeira.

William. Very well, sir.

[Exit.

Twist. Ah! here comes my diplomatic night of Windsor, Russia, and Macassar.

Enter MONSIEUR LE SAVON.

Monsieur. He bien, monsieur. Ave you catch him?

Twist. No sir; but I have such a secret to communicate.

Monsieur. Ah, Monsieur, de grace tell him to me tout de suite.

Twist. In the first place I've ordered the dinner, and I think you'll say I've done honour to your instructions.

Monsieur. Ah c'est bon, dat is ver good; mais but for de secret.

Twist. Prepare yourself for a discovery that will afford you both astonishment and delight.

Monsieur. Je suis prepare, I am all ready dis ver moment.

Twist. [Mysteriously.] Your nephew is in this very house.

Monsieur. In dis house! Ah! ah! [Brandishing his horsewhip.] A present you shall see vat I shall do.

Twist. No, no; I'll have no violence. If you

don't promise to give him your hand and let him sociably join us at table, I'm off my bargain.

Monsieur. Ugh, vraiment, Monsieur, you are too indulgent. Mais, but, if you shall insist, I shall give you my parole.

Twist. Done ! [Taking his hand.] On that condition I'll set you face to face in a twinkling.

Enter MRS. O'FLOUNCE.

Mrs. O'Flounce. [To Twist.] Now, my dear sir, if it isn't joking you was. [She perceives Monsieur.] Oh, powers of marcy ! Mounseer Le Shoveon !

Monsieur. Serviteur madam O'Flounce.

Twist. I'll lay my life it's just as I anticipated.—You [to Monsieur] are the uncle of the truant youth : and you [to Mrs. O'Flounce] are the aunt of his paramour.

Mrs. O'F. 'Pon my honour then, sir, if you'd try all night, you'd never guess half so right again. And now, sir, if you'll keep your promise—

Twist. In less than two minutes, you shall both accomplish the objects of your journey. [To Monsieur.] Come, sir, do me the favour to place yourself here. [He leads Monsieur aside, and places him with his face towards the door of the room occupied by Fanny,] and watch that door. [To Mrs. O'Flounce.] And you, madam, have the goodness to take post on this side, [He leads her aside and places her with her face towards the door of the room occupied by Dick,] and don't move your eyes from that spot. [Mrs. Bartick enters at the back.—she starts with an expression of disappointment, and remains there watching the characters in front. Twist knocks at the door of Fanny's room ; then runs across and knocks at that of Dick.—Fanny still in male attire, and Dick still in female attire, open their doors and come out,)

Fanny. [Aside.] Oh, heavens ! my aunt !

Dick. [Aside.] Oh, the devil ! my uncle !

[They hastily re-enter their rooms and shut their doors.]

Twist. [Triumphantly.] There, sir! there, madam! There's generalship! Ha, ha, ha!

Monsieur. Mais comment, monsieur? Dat garcon is not my neveu.

Twist. [Astonished.] Not your nephew!

Monsieur. Non, non, non.

Mrs. O'F. And did you mane to say that the little subsey wench beyont was my niece?

Twist. What! not your niece!

Mrs. O'F. No more like her, sir, than a daffy-down-dilly to a snow-drop.

Twist. [Despondently aside.] Then perish my projected union of cosmetics and calico, and farewell to my dinner and Madeira. [Mrs. Bartick comes forward.]

Mrs. Bart. [Pointing to Twist.] Ha, ha, ha! Why the gentleman's a perfect conjuror!

Monsieur. [Loudly, menacing Twist.] Ma foi he is de grand imposteur, and begar I shall ave de satisfaction for de bandinage vat he make of me.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. [To Monsieur.] Your dinner's ready, sir.

[The moment William speaks, Twist suddenly walks off unobserved.]

Monsieur. [Angrily, turning to William.] Sacra que non! Parbleu, I shall not eat nor drink in dis maudit house! [He turns to address Twist.] Ah, ah! He ave echappee! [Shakes his whip.] Sacre! if he ave not run away I should vip him more as I vip my cheval on de voyage! A present ve shall go! Allons, madame.

[Exit, leading Mrs. O'Founca.]

Mrs. Bar. [Sola.] Ha, ha, ha! I'm very easy on that score. You're to have a taste of my skill yet. [As Mrs. Bartick is about to go off, Fanny and Dick peep cautiously from their respective apartments.]

Dick. Hist ! Hist !

Fanny. Madam, [Mrs. Bartick comes forward.] is the coast clear ?

Mrs. Bartick. Yes ; you may come out. [They come forward, one on each side of Mrs. Bartick.]

Fanny. } [Together.] Oh, my dear madam !

Dick. } what shall we do ?

Mrs. Bar. I know what you ought to do.

Fanny. [Eagerly.] What, what ? Will you provide us with the means of escaping and eluding our pursuers ?

Mrs. Bar. No ; but I'll provide you with something of much greater value.

Fanny. } [Eagerly together.] What is it ?

Dick. }

Mrs. Bar. A little good counsel ; that is our condition of your promising to profit by it ; for if you don't give your word to follow my directions, I'm resolved neither to give you a syllable of advice, nor a jot of assistance.—Do you consent ?

Dick. Yes ; by all means : we have placed ourselves completely in your power ; and if you will but continue to befriend us, we'll obey you in every thing.

Mrs. Bar. Then—[She brings both their heads close to hers and whispers ; then quits them.] Do you understand ?

Fanny. } [Together.] Perfectly.

Dick. }

Mrs. Bar. Then only watch my signals and leave the rest to my management.

[Exit Mrs. Bartick.]

Dick. [Looking sheepishly at Fanny.] Well, Fanny !

Fanny. [Imitating him.] Well, Richard !

Dick. What do you think ?

Fanny. Nay, 'tis too late to ask that now. You have given a promise for us both, and the only thing we can do is to keep it. To escape without the landlady's assistance is quite impossible ; and, even with it, I should not have much hope, unless

you could manage your disguise a little better than you have done. [Pointing at him and laughing.] Ha, ha, ha, There's a pretty posture for a modest female cousin.

DUET.—*Fanny and Dick.*

Fanny. Have a care,
Of your air !

'Tis too bluff for the fair :
You'll ruin our project I vow,
If you don't learn to whimper,
And courtsey and simper,
As I do to bluster and how.

Look at me ! Look at me !
How well I can bluster and bow.

[She struts and bows in a hectoring manner.

Dick. Oh yes :

I confess,
Since you mounted our dress,
So aptly our manners you feign ;
That I'm almost in fear,
When we're married my dear,
One garment you'll wish to retain.
I can see ! I can see !

[Spoken archly.] Mind, I tell you beforehand, I won't allow it, but I'm pretty sure that—

[Sung]. One garment you'll wish to retain.

Together.

Fanny. Have a care, &c.

Dick. Oh, yes, &c. [Exeunt opposite sides.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*An anti-room in the hotel. The entrance door in centre of flat, having a small round window over it. Four doors (two on the right hand and two on the left) numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4. Some hall chairs.*

Enter WIDOW OGLEMAN and MATILDA.

Mat. So, mamma, you have actually made arrangements for our dining and sleeping at this hotel.

Wid. I have, and have engaged our places for town by the first coach ; and, if I may judge of your feelings, by my own, Matilda, you will feel no regret in quitting a place in which we both have been exposed to perfidy and indignity.

Mat. Regret ! on the contrary, I assure you that I shall most cordially welcome the moment which is to detach me from those scenes wherein both my affection and my pride have been so severely wounded.

Wid. Oh, the traitors !

Mat. Had any one told me that Courton—the elegant, the fascinating Courton, was capable of such base infidelity, I should have thought it little short of sacrilege.

Wid. Unhappy infatuation !

Mat. After all his protestations of unalterable devotion, to estrange himself, without assigning a motive, or even advancing a pretext. And your devoted swain, Mr. Tantalus Twist, too.

Wid. Forbear, my love, I entreat you. Notwithstanding his unfeeling neglect, the very mention of his name awakens all my tender recollections. The respectful deportment with which he first introduced himself to me ; the generous fervour with which he dwelt upon the merits of my poor dear second husband, of whom he says he was formerly the intimate and valued friend—[She applies her handkerchief to her eyes.]

Mat. (*Aside.*) Poor mamma !

Wid. The gentlemanly ease with which he, almost daily, took his seat at my table, without any of the cold formalities of etiquette.

Mat. (*Half sarcastically.*) Very true, mamma !

Wid. And then the delicacy with which he first advanced an inuendo of his attachment, scarcely allowing his advances to bear the construction of an absolute declaration !

Mat. [*Aside.*] This is a specimen of resentment with a witness.

Wid. And just as I had made up my mind to ac-

cept him on the first plain avowal, to break off without why or wherefore.

Mat. And when I wrote to him on your behalf, reproaching him with his absence.

Wid. Ah, Matilda ! I cannot forgive myself that self humiliation.

Mat. [Quoting with tender emphasis.] " Your absence has spread desolation where your presence was wont to diffuse happiness," wrote I, by your dictation, and the impenetrable monster neither deigned you a reply nor a visit.

Wid. And yet, my dear, on examining my heart, I feel that, in the event of our meeting again, I should not have the power to withhold my forgiveness. [She rings the bell.]

Mat. And I, mamma, feel myself so grossly insulted, that without the most satisfactory explanation and apology on the part of Courton, I can never follow your generous example.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Did you ring, ladies ?

Wid. Yes ; I desired your mistress to assign us a private apartment.

Wil. Yes, ma'am, I've received my orders, This is your room if you please to. [Pointing to No. 3.

Wid. Very well.

Wil. The cloth is laid, ma'am. At what time would you like to have dinner ?

Wid. As soon as it can possibly be got ready.

Wil. Very well, ma'am. [Exit.

Wid. At least Matilda you may console yourself with the reflection, that the man who had the cruelty to trample upon the heart which he had won, could not be very worthy of his conquest.

Mat. Ah, my dear mamma ! your precept is excellent ; but, between ourselves, to make it efficacious, it should be accompanied by example.

Wid. Heighho ! Come my love. [Exeunt.

Enter MONSIEUR LE SAVON and Mrs. O'FLOUNCE.

Mons. [Angrily.] Ventre bleu, madame ! vat for

you abuse me comme ca ? Begar you speak me justment all de same as I ave ron away vid your niece myself.

Mrs. O'F. Troth then, Mounseer, it's all your own handy-work : it all comes of the Frenchified bringing up you gave th boy.

Mons. Ha, ha, ha ! C'est bon, dat is ver good ! Ma foi, he is the son of my sister vid de husband Irish, and he not can speak more French as de vache Espagnol, de vat you call ? de cow Spanish.

Mrs. O'F. What ! the son of an Irishman is he ? Och, then there's an end of the wonder. Wid de blarney of his mother's nation, and the soul of his father's, it is like enough poor Fanny couldn't resist him. I'm thinking he made love to her in Irish, and then took French lave to run away wid her.— Oh, the seducer !

Mons. [With warmth] Comment, madame ! Ma foi, it is bien probable dat *you* ave seduce him.

Mrs. O'F. I seduce him ! What do you mane, sir ?

Mons. Parbleu que oui, yes. Because you know dat he shall have my shop and all my praticque, you ave vish to make de marriage for your niece, toute de suite, for fear he shall change his mind.

Mrs. O'F. [Curtseying.] 'Pon my honour then, Mounseer, yer ginerosity's only equalled by your beauty. Sure, if it's the likes o' *that* you're giving for a sample of French politeness, commend me to the emeaald isle for manners any way.

Enter Mrs. BARTICK.

Mrs. Bart. Hey-day ! at high words ! What's the meaning of this ?

Mrs. O'F. Oh madam, I'll lave the illigent ould gentleman there to tell you that same : and, that he may have the story all his own way, I'll bid you very good morning.

Mrs. Bart. No, no, no : excuse me, madam, but I cannot spare either yourself or this gentleman at present, for I have something of great importance to say to you both.

Mrs. O'F. What ! Did you get any news of the girl ?

Mons. Ah, ha, madame ! If you have de nouvelle of de garçon.

Mrs. Bart. Stay, stay : not so fast. All I shall tell you at present is that, search where you will, you have no chance of discovering them without my assistance.

Mrs. O'F. [Surprised.] Without *your* assistance is it ?

Mrs. Bart. Most certainly ; and, therefore, I have a proposal to make. [To Monsieur.] Remember, you have ordered an expensive dinner, for which I have a right to charge you, whether you eat it or not. It is now nearly ready, and I'm sure you mus both require some refreshment. Now my only condition is that you'll step into my apartment, whilst I order it to be set upon the table ; and if I do not afterwards give you such information as shall enable you to sit down to it contented and happy, I'll not ask you for a single shilling in payment. What do you say ?

Mons. Ma chere madame, I shall stop vid all my heart ; and, if you shall make me attrape my neveu, ma foi I shall give you every ting tat you like.

Mrs. Bart. [To Mrs. O'Flounce.] Come madam.

Mrs. O'Flounce. Oh, then I'll do that same ; and, if you'll only hilp me to find my niece, I'll engage honey ye'll not be losing your labour. [Exeunt.]

Enter Twist rubbing his hands.

Twist. Ha, ha, ha ! Here's is a bit of luck ! Here's timely intelligence ! When I went out I thought it was all over, and was just going home to smother my disappointment with a pint of small beer and a Welsh rabbit. But now, the moment the old gentleman hears me explain my mistake, I'll lay my life he'll renew the invitation. Ha, ha, ha ! I cannot help thinking how I shall astonish the landlady too. [He approaches No. 4.]

THREE DEEP ; OR

Enter WIDOW OGLEMAN^e from No. 3.

Wid. [Speaking at the door.] Don't disturb yourself, my love. I'll take care to procure attendance. [She turns and perceives Twist.] Oh, Heavens ! What do I see ?

Twist. [Aside.] The widow Ogleman ! Oh, for a talisman to make me invisible.

Wid. [Aside, languishingly.] The lost object of my tenderest thoughts !

Twist. [Aside.] Here's a precious dilemma.

Wid. [Approaching him.] Perfidious man ! Do I then find you again, at the very moment when I least expected it.

Twist. [Aside.] Oh, lord ! I thought how it would be.

Wid. Ready, no doubt, to renew your protestations, and again to betray the fond hopes which they but too easily inspired.

Twist. [Confused.] No, madam. Ready for no earthly thing but my dinner ; and as I have reason to believe, that is nearly ready for me—[He attempts to go.]

Wid. [detaining him.] If you were famishing, sir, your appetite ought to yield precedence to your gallantry ; therefore let your dinner wait until you have explained to me the cause of your sudden and unprovoked desertion of my house.

Twist. Some other opportunity, madam, with all my heart, but it would take a long time to—

Wid. [Emphatically.] No, sir : if you have the least claim to the character of a gentleman or man, you will this moment afford me the satisfaction I require.

Twist. [Aside.] I shall never get rid of her if I don't say something [To her.] The fact then is, madam—that—I—[hesitating] am naturally of a jealous disposition—and—as I knew you to have other visitors besides myself, and—found you too courteous—too irresistibly amiable—for—I entreat you to spare me the rest.

Wid. [Assuming an air of extreme tenderness.] Is it possible? Did your estrangement *really* proceed from a motive so *delicate*?

Twist. Most certainly. Could you imagine that, without some powerful cause, I could renounce those moments of charming converse,—those elegant little repasts—

Wid. Heigh-ho! How easily the heart is persuaded to believe what it so fondly wishes. There is my hand, in token of the most cordial reconciliation, which I will hasten to ratify in doing the honours of my little table. You must come and dine with me immediately.

Twist. [Aside.] A *certainly* at last by all that's desirable. Egad I'll keep her dinner, as a *repas de reserve*, in case I should be cheated of the Frenchman's. [To her.] My dear madam, it grieves me that I can't answer *positively*. I'm most particularly engaged to a party who have ordered dinner in that room, [Pointing to No. 4.] and if I can possibly prevail upon them to excuse me,—

Wid. [Leaning on him.] What! unfeeling man! Can you be so inhuman as to leave me in doubt? Me—whose too—susceptible heart—pillowed itself—upon your—Oh! [She faints, and falls into his arms.]

Twist. Hollo! Well, upon my soul this is a pleasant predicament!

Wid. [Faintly.] Oh!

Twist. Egad she has fainted sure enough. What the devil's to be done? I see but one way.—I'll lay her gently upon a chair, and then ring for assistance and slip away before any one arrives. [He lays her gently upon a chair, and goes lightly towards the wing.]

Wid. [Starting up and seizing him by the arm.] Stay, barbarian!

Twist. [aside.] Done to a tinder.

Wid. In vain you hope to elude me. My daughter is in that apartment. [Pointing to No. 3.] Irritated by the conduct of yourself and her

lover, we were about to quit Brighton in disgust, and are in momentary expectation of our dinner, which can only be rendered palatable by the spice of your society. [*Languishingly.*] Do not then—do not abuse my newly awakened tenderness.

Twist. [*aside.*] Zounds ! but this is something like attachment ! [*To her.*] But my dear—

Wid. I'll hear no evasion. I'll postpone my dinner for a quarter of an hour : in the meantime, either go and excuse yourself to your party ; or, by all the pangs of disappointed hope, I'll come and claim you in the midst of them.

[*She enters the apartment No. 3.*]

Twist. [*solus.*] And curse me if I don't think she's the very woman to put her threat in execution. Ha, ha, ha ! n'importe. The dinner is not yet served in No. 4, and I may still cut in for some of my—diplomatic friend's dainties, so egad I'll e'en attack them at all risks. [*He approaches No. 4, and enter CAPTAIN COURTON from No. 2.*]

Courton. Curse the house ! One might sit ringing there all night. [*He perceives Twist.*] Ha ! surely I can't be mistaken, [*He looks scrutinously at Twist, who turns from him.*] I'll be hang'd if it is not the very man !

Twist. [*aside.*] That infernal officer, by all that's unlucky !

Courton. [*advancing in front of Twist.*] Your most obedient, sir.

Twist. [*bowing, and attempting to pass.*] Sir, I wish you a very good morning.

Courton. Stay, sir ; not so fast. You and I have a little business to settle. You know me, sir, and you know my meaning. Come, sir, an explanation.

Twist. Any explanation you please, sir—after dinner. [*He attempts to pass.*]

Courton. No, sir, this instant. You are not so readily sound ; and, now that I have met with you, I won't lose sight of you until I receive ample satisfaction, either from *your* lips or my own pistols.

Twist. [*aside.*] How the devil shall I get away?
[*to Courton.*] But allow me to say, sir, that a whole party—

Courton. Don't tell me of your party, sir. Either you afford me satisfactory answers to a few pithy questions, or the first course of your dinner shall be a brace of such force-meat balls, as you'll find rather hard of digestion.

Twist. [*aside.*] What a blood-thirsty fellow it is.
[*to Courton.*] Well, captain, what do you wish to do with me?

Courton. In the first place, to catechise you.

Twist. Then, only let your questions be short, and curse me if you shall complain of the length of my answers.

Courton. So much the better. Tell me, then; do you love Miss Matilda Ogleman?

[*Enter Thomas, carrying a tureen, and speaking at the wing as he enters.*

Thomas. The mock turtle for No. 4. [*he enters No. 4, returns, and exit.*

Twist. [*to himself.*] Mock turtle! The very thing I love better than—

Courton. [*indignantly.*] You do love her.

Twist. My dear sir, I was speaking of the soup.
[*aside.*] Zounds! They're beginning dinner.

Courton. Am I to understand then, that you do not love the lady?

Twist. Of course you are.

Courton. Then pray, sir, what was the object of your almost daily visits to the Widow Ogleman's house?

[*Enter Thomas, carrying a covered dish.*

Thomas. [*speaking at the wing.*] The Salmon and lobster sauce for No. 4. [*he enters and returns as before.*

Twist. [*to himself.*] The salmon and lobster sauce!

Courton. The what, sir?

Twist. The dinners to be sure. There; is that enough? [*he attempts to go.*

Courton. [*detaining him.*] No, sir, it is not. Perhaps I was wrong to speak of *love* to a man of your temperament. Did you aspire to *the hand* of the daughter?

Twist. Lord bless you, no, to be sure not: 'twas to the hand of the mother. [*aside.*] If that don't do, it's devilish hard.

Enter THOMAS, with another dish.

Thomas. [*as before.*] The turkey and sausages for No. 4. [*Enters and returns as before.*

Twist. [*to himself.*] Turkey and sausages already! Why, zounds, they must be bolting the dinner! Oh, curse me if I can stand this. [*he runs towards No. 4.*

Courton. [*following him and bringing him back.*] No, sir; I can't spare you yet. I have still an inquiry to make of greater importance than all the rest. [*he takes a letter from his pocket, and hands it to Twist.*] Look at that, sir. If what you've told me be true, how am I to account for this letter, written and addressed to you by Miss Ogleman herself?

Twist. [*Looking anxiously towards No. 4.*] She wrote it to me on behalf of her mother.

Courton. Is it possible? Matilda, then, is innocent, and my behaviour towards her has been as stupid as it was unfeeling.

Twist. Very likely. Now, I hope, you're satisfied. [*Going.*

Courton. Satisfied! My dear sir, I'm delighted! Your information has raised me from despondency to ecstasy! Give me your hand, sir. [*They shake hands*] I have a friend waiting for me in that room. [*Pointing to No. 2.*] We have ordered as snug a little dinner as you'd wish to sit down to, and you actually must do us the favour to join us.

Twist. [*Aside.*] Another dinner! Here's inanna in the wilderness! O that I could divide myself into three parts, and furnish each with a stomach. [*To him.*] My dear sir, I would with all my heart, but I'm doubly engaged already.

Courton. Then you must disengage yourself.

Twist. Impossible: I'm going [aside] I hope [to him] to dine with a party in that room, and the dinner is actually on the table. [He points to No. 4.]

Courton. Nay, sir, let your appointment be what it may, you absolutely must oblige me this once by excusing yourself. [Calls.] Waiter!

Enter WILLIAM.

Is our dinner ready?

William. Quite ready, sir.

Courton. Then lay an additional cover, and let it be served in ten minutes.

Will. Yes, sir.

[Exit William.]

Courton. There, sir, you see I allow you ten minutes to make your arrangements.

Twist. Well, my dear sir, if you will but—

Courton. Not a word, sir, I insist: the thing's easily managed: just step in and apologize to your friends, and let us see you as quickly as possible, for I shall be impatient until I pledge you in a bumper to our better acquaintance. [He enters No. 2.]

Twist. [Solus.] Ha, ha, ha! This is something like a day! Here's adventure upon adventure! well, I did not promise, so I'll e'en make a convenience of him. I'll keep Nos 2 and 3 as additional strings to my bow; and in case No. 4 should slip through my fingers, I'll find out which has got the best dinner, and so regulate the choice of *number one*. [He knocks at No. 4.] Ha! silent! Oh! egad, that won't do for me. Door by your leave. [He opens the door, looks in, and returns.] What! not there! and dinner on the table! why zounds, it will be spoilt! Oh, I'll ferret them out. [Exit Twist by door in flat, and enter Mrs. Bartick at the wing, followed by Monsieur Savon and Mrs. O'Flounce.]

Mrs. Bar. Well, every thing is prepared; so now to business.

Mons. Ma foi, que oui, madame, and de more quicker de more better. You ~~are~~ tell me dat.

Mrs. Bar. Yes; and if you'll suppress your anger, and listen to my terms, you shall know too.

Come, come ; it seems that you don't object to their marriage, but only insist on delay.

Mons. Oh oui, yes ; dat is true ; because my neveu keep all de count of my negoce, and I cannot do vidout him.

Mrs. O'F. That's true for you, mounseer, and my little Fanny is so cute and illigant at taking measures and orders from the ladies of quality, that if she'd lave me before I'm getting somebody else, I'd be losing half my customers.

Mrs. Bar. That may be all very true ; but, take my word for it, when two young people take such a step as they have done for the purpose of being united, all endeavours to impede them are useless ; so you had better make a merit of necessity, and promise to bestow upon them your forgiveness and consent.

Mrs. O'F. Faith, then, I'm beginning to think that same, honey. If they can't be continted apart, the best thing we can do is to make 'em happy together at once. What say you mounseerr ?

Mons. Ma foi, it is more better give him de pardon as ron after him vidout catch. So, if you vill bring him here, ma foi, I shall give him my hand, and de hand of de demoiselle aussi.

Mrs. Bar. [To Monsieur.] You pledge me your word then.

Mons. Certainement.

Mrs. Bar. [To Mrs. O'Flounce.] And you, madam.

Mrs. O'F. There's my hand upon it. [Gives her hand.]

Mrs. Bar. Excellent ! Now only let me lock the door, to prevent that impertinent meddling stranger from disturbing us again, and then to perform my promise. [She locks the entrance door ; and then unlocks that of No. 1, and leads forward *Dick Hurry* and *Fanny*, both in their proper habits. *Dick* runs to *Monsieur*, and *Fanny* runs and throws herself upon the neck of *Mrs. O'Flounce*.]

Dick. My dear uncle, we have overheard your

generous intention, and here we are to express our gratitude.

Mrs. O'F. Oh, then a cushlee. She knows the tinderness of my heart, and runs under my wing like a stray chick.

Mons. He bien mon garçon: you ave hear de promesse; a present you shall see him perform. [Monsieur crosses towards Fanny, at which moment Twist knocks loudly at the entrance door.

Mrs. Bar. Ha! I'll lay *my* life there's that strange gentleman returned.

Twist. [Calling without.] Waiter! Landlady! Monsieur Le Savon! Mrs. O'Flounce!

Mrs. Bar. It is he, sure enough! [To Dick and Fanny.] Away with you to your hiding-place, and don't let him know what has happened. [Dick and Fanny hastily retire into the apartment No. 1.

Twist. [Opening the small window over the door, and looking in. [Let me in! I've learnt the whole secret.

Mrs. Bar. What secret?

Twist. Open the door, I tell you, and you shall know all about it.

Mrs. Bar. I think I may venture to let him in, for he can do no mischief now. [She opens the door.

Twist. [Entering and coming forward in haste, and with great importance.] Oh, but it's a good thing for you that a philanthropist like me was thrown in yourway to watch over the reputation of your house.

Mrs. Bar. The reputation of my house! What do you mean, sir?

Twist. Don't ask questions, but answer mine. Am I in time? Are they still here?

Mrs. Bar. Who?

Twist. Who! Why the young man and woman.

Mrs. Bar. What right have you to ask, sir, whether they are here or elsewhere?

Twist. Oh! you take it so coolly as that, do you? Egad, you little think what's going on under your roof. [He beckons Monsieur and Mrs. O'Flounce, who come down, one on each side of him, and addresses them with great mystery.] You [To Mon-

sieur.] remember the little dapper person I pointed out to you just now as your nephew.

Mons. Oh oui, yes.

Twist. (To Mrs. O'Flounce.) And you recollect the gawky figure I introduced as your niece.

Mrs. O'F. Oh, sir, I'll never forget it.

Twist. I've learnt their whole history.

Mons. [Feigning surprise.] Sacre! quel mystere!

Twist. I knew I should find them out. They're two lovers in disguise: the gentleman dressed in the lady's clothes, and she in his.

Mrs. O'F. [Feigning surprise.] Oh, the desavers! [During the above dialogue, Mrs. Bartick retires towards the door of No. 1.

Twist. [Turning and watching Mrs. B. to a distance; then speaking with increased mystery to Monsieur and Mrs. O'Flounce.] I've a shrewd suspicion that the landlady's in the plot; so I'll give her no notice of my intention, but have them taken up and advertised.

Mrs. O'F. Right, sir, right! Oh, then, they little think what a cute gentleman they've got to dale wid.

Twist. Oh, it's no easy matter to deceive me. [Loudly to Monsieur.] Ha, ha, ha! You might well imagine I was imposing upon you when you found me fail in my promise. Egad, so far from being your nephew, 'twas nobody else's nephew.—'Twas no man at all. [During the above speech Mrs. Bartick opens the door of No. 1, and leads out Fanny and Dick. Fanny runs forward, and leans upon the shoulder of Mrs. O'Flounce.

Fanny. Oh, dear aunt! the gentleman says my Richard is no man.

Twist. [Turning, and looking with surprise at Fanny.] Eh! [Whilst Twist turns towards Fanny, Dick runs forward and leans upon the shoulder of Monsieur.

Dick. That's a serious accusation; isn't it, uncle? [Twist turns and gazes alternately at Dick and Fanny.

Mrs. Bar. [Coming forward and imitating Twist the former scene.] There, sir! there, madam! here's generalship! [The whole of the characters point and laugh at Twist in ridicule.—He looks at first exceedingly confused, then joins in the laugh.]

Twist. Ha, ha, ha! I see how it is, plain enough. (To Monsieur.) This is your nephew, [to Mrs. O'Flounce,] and that's your niece.

Mrs. O'F. Is it yourself that said that? Oh then what a man you are for finding out secrets! Sure there's no end to yer discoveries!

Twist. Well, I was in the right, you see, *after all*. (Aside.) Egad, I shall come in for the dinner yet!

Mrs. Bar. Yes; you *was* in the right *after all*; for what you *intended to do* I have already accomplished. Ha, ha, ha! The good gentleman looks as pleased as an exciseman after an unlawful seizure! Ha, ha, ha! [She points at Twist, and exit.]

Mons. Eh, ma foi, que c'est trop: dat is too mush! (Taking Twist's hand.) Mon cher monsieur, I hope you shall excuse our badinage, and dat ve shall not be disappoint of your company at de table.

Twist. Disappointed! No, my dear sir: I intend to forego every other engagement for the pleasure of joining so happy a party. (Aside.) I thought it would do.

Mrs. O'F. Come, then, sir, lade the way if you please, and we'll follow you in a jiffy.

Twist. Lead! by no means, madam. *To follow* the fair has ever been my utmost ambition. Besides, I have to send an apology to a friend, who is at this moment expecting my company: so in with you all and take your places, and I'll be with you in less time than the drawing of a cork.

Mrs. O'F. 'Pon my honour then, sir, you're the very flower of politeness, and I hope this wont be the last time we'll be meeting. Come, childer. [All, except Twist, enter the apartment No 4.]

Twist. [Solus.] Ha, ha, ha! Here's the old adage verified to a tittle; "It never rains but it pours." Half an hour ago I was without an invitation, and now behold me actually engaged *three deep*. I suppose the widow and the captain have each got a beef-steak and a dish of hash, from the remnants of yesterday's ordinary; so, egad, I'll e'en cut one and shuffle the other. However, as the captain's such a violent fellow, I'd better have the civility to write, and say that I can't wait upon him. [He takes out his pocket-book, writes, tears out the leaf, and folds it; then calls.] Waiter! [Enter William.] Here, give this to the captain in No. 2. [Gives the paper.]

William. Directly, sir. [Calls.] Thomas! [Enter Thomas.] Is the champagne air'd for No. 2?

Thomas. Yes.

Twist. [Aside.] Champagne! Egad, there was no talk of that in No. 4.

William. Then bring up the turbot and smelts, and tell the cook to have the venison ready to follow. [He goes towards No. 2.]

Twist. What! turbot and venison! [To William.] Waiter!

William. Sir.

Twist. Carry that note to the French gentleman in No. 4.

William. Yes, sir. [William enters No. 4, returns, and exit.]

Twist. [Solus.] I don't see any occasion to be very punctilious on the subject. I never saw one of the party before to-day; and, if I *am* to dine with strangers, champagne with a captain is better than Madeira with a perfumer, or else the devil's in it. [He goes towards No. 2; Monsieur Le Savon and Mrs. O'Flounce come from No. 4.]

Mons. [Approaching Twist with the note in his hand.] Comment, monsieur? vat for you send me dis billet? Ma foi, you ave maltreat us ver mosh. You vant to make us eat all de dinner vidout you, vill you rest in dis apartment, and not dine at all?

Mrs. O'F. Oh, then I see through it all. Sure

it's only the jittleman's modesty and bashfulness that wouldn't let him be treated by a stranger. Just lave him to me. [She takes Twist by the arm, and attempts to lead him towards No. 4.] And is it yourself that would make a lady beg and pray for your company? Sure it's no chicken you are that you need be so shamefaced. Come along, jewel: the aittables are all growing cold; so say no more about it, but come and get your dinner, and wash it down wid a bumper to the health of the young couple beyont.

CAPTAIN COURTON comes from No. 2.

Courton. [To Twist.] What, sir! would you desert us now that we have provided expressly on your account? No, no; that I can never allow. [He advances, and takes hold of Twist's other arm.] Come, sir, I've set my heart upon the enjoyment of your society; and let who will be disappointed, I'll receive no denial.

Mrs. O'F. [To Courton.] Oh, wait awhile, honey! Sure the jittleman promised *us* first; and now that I've got a hold of him, it isn't aisy I'll part wid him,

Twist. Why, zounds, I shall be like the ass in the fable; I shall be starved by the pressure of abundance! My good friends! I have three engagements on my hands at this moment. If I had only been allowed an hour between each, I would have eaten and drunk with all parties to their heart's content; but if you will insist upon all dining at the same time, you know, what can I do? My first invitation was from this good gentleman: [pointing to Monsieur:] my third [to Courton] from you: and my second from two ladies who are now waiting for me in that room. [Pointing to No. 3.]

Courton. Two ladies?

Twist. [Carelessly.] Yes; two particular friends of mine: the widow Ogleman and her pretty daughter.

Courton. What! my Matilda here!

WIDOW OGLEMAN comes from No. 3.

Widow. [Speaking at the door.] I'm resolved I'll wait no longer.

Twist. My dear widow, you're just arrived in good time. [He turns to all the characters.] Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to see you all assembled. I don't wish to show any undue preference. Here I am, and the fairest way of disposing of me will be to cast lots.

MATILDA comes from No. 3.

Courton. My adorable Matilda ! [He runs to her, she—avoids him—he forcibly takes her hand.] Nay, my charming girl, if you either avoid or chide me, you do an injustice to my love and fidelity ; for all our differences and mutual suffering have arisen from no other cause than an erroneous impression.

Matilda. If you can prove that to be the case Courton, you shall not find me averse to a reconciliation.

Courton. Thanks, my angel, thanks ! Providence has thrown us together at a most fortunate moment let us therefore unite our dinners, as a prelude to the union of our hands and hearts ; and, when we are fairly seated at table, I pledge my honour to explain every thing to your entire satisfaction.

Twist. Egad, I'll warrant him. [He takes the Widow's hand.] Come, Mrs. Ogleman ! I see how all this will end. The captain will be united to his dear Matilda ; I shall be married to my charming widow. I shall breakfast with you ; dine with my son-in-law ; take an occasional luncheon with Monsieur ; and so pass the remainder of my life in perpetual feast, between the delicate *ribs* of love and the *stuff'd hearts* of friendship : [to the audience :] and if our indulgent auditors will be deign to add the *sweet sauce* of their approbation the banquet will amply compensate for all the "torments of Tantalus."

THE END.

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